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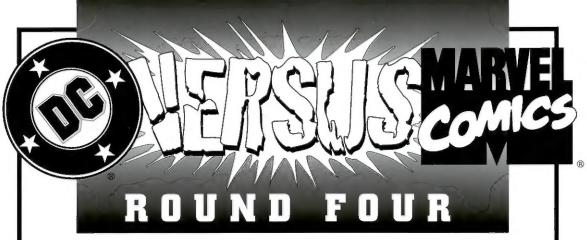

WRITTEN BY
PETER DAVID
*(with thanks to **RON MARZ**)*

PENCILLED BY
CLAUDIO CASTELLINI & **DAN JURGENS**
(pages 1-8 and 17-25) (pages 9-16 and 26-37)

INKED BY
PAUL NEARY & **JOSEF RUBINSTEIN**
(pages 1-8 and 17-25) (pages 9-16 and 26-37)

LETTERED BY
BILL OAKLEY

COLORED BY
GREGORY WRIGHT

SEPARATED BY
DIGITAL CHAMELEON

ASSISTANT EDITED BY
CHRIS DUFFY & JOE ANDREANI

EDITED BY
MIKE CARLIN & MARK GRUENWALD

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"AMALGAM:
ANY COMBINATION OR MIXTURE OF DIVERSE ELEMENTS."
"HYENA:
ANY OF SEVERAL CARNIVOROUS MAMMALS OF THE GENERA HYENA OR XEOXUR OF AFRICA OR ASIA, HAVING POWERFUL JAWS, RELATIVELY SHORT HIND LIMBS, AND COARSE HAIR."
"DARK CLAW..."
...DARK CLAW IS NOT IN THE "AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE." HE IS UNIQUE AND UNDEFINABLE...
...AND MUCH PREFERS IT THAT WAY.

HYENA! I'M WARNING YOU--!
WELL, NOW, THANKS FOR THE WARNING, DARK MEAT! LUCKILY FOR ME--
RESTAURANT
CRAK!
POK!
--WARNINGS RUIN YOUR ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO GIVING YOU BACK YOUR LITTLE EXPLOSIVE TOYS!
KRAK
YOU'LL FIND WE STILL HAVE A SURPRISE OR TWO UP OUR SLEEVES, HYENA!
SUPER-SOLDIER!
ISN'T IT FUN WHEN THEY SHOUT YOUR NAME IN FEAR?
"FEAR" I CAN RELATE TO.
I NEVER QUITE GOT THE HANG OF "FUN."

THEY FIGHT THEIR MEANINGLESS SKIRMISHES...
...ALL UNKNOWING OF THE TRUE WAR AROUND THEM.
HE WAS WRONG. THE OLD GUARDIAN KNOWS NOW HE WAS WRONG.
HE HAD THOUGHT THE MERGING WAS THE DOING OF THE BROTHERS.
IT WAS NOT.
AS A RESULT OF THE WARS, ONE OF THE UNIVERSES FACED BEING TORN AWAY AND HURLED INTO OBLIVION...

AND THE COSMIC GUARDIANS... THE LIVING TRIBUNAL AND THE SPECTRE...
...ARE HOLDING IT ALL TOGETHER.
THEIR LAST-DITCH EFFORT HAS CREATED A SORT OF AMALGAM UNIVERSE...
...AND THE BROTHERS ARE NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT AT ALL.

HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM FIND ME...
...NOW?
OH, WOULD YOU? WELL...
...WE BUT LIVE TO SERVE.
GIVE IT UP, HYENA!
THE HYENA, GIVE UP?!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
KTSSH!
YOU WAIT FOR HIM DOWNSTAIRS.
I'LL GO THROUGH AND FLUSH OUT THE GARBAGE.
ELSEWHERE...
MY... MY GOD...

...WHERE AM I?!
HIS MIND THREATENS TO SHUT DOWN...
...AND THEN, ALMOST AS AN ACT OF SELF-PRESERVATION...
...HIS POWER KICKS IN... AND JUST LIKE THAT, ACCESS IS...
BACK! I MADE IT! I~
GEEZ! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
WITH ALL THE CONTESTS TO WORRY ABOUT, A BEAUTY CONTEST AIN'T ONE OF 'EM.
LISTEN FAST, KID: I PULLED FATE'S STRINGS TO GET SOLDIER AND CLAW NEARBY...
...WITH SOME HELP FROM SPEC AND THE TRIB...
...BUT NOW IT'S UP TO YOU. I'VE DONE ALMOST EVERYTHING I COULD.

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! I'VE NO CONTROL OVER--!
WHEN I SAID I'D DONE "ALMOST" EVERYTHING... WELL, HERE'S THE REST.
'BYE, KID. BY THE WAY...
...MY NAME'S MORTY. GLAD WE MET.
WHAT THE DEVIL? AN EXPLOSION...
...BUT... SILENT?
KRASH!
Ah! A POTENTIAL HOSTAGE!
HEY! SLIM!
MR. POTATO HEAD, LOOK OVER HERE!
BOY, I DON'T USUALLY HAVE TO WORK THIS HARD TO GET SOMEONE'S ATTENTION!
GO AWAY.
HUH? WHAT'S WITH THE LIGHTSHOW--?
AW, NUTS! DOES EVERYBODY IN THIS 'BURG HAVE SUPERPOW--?
YOU! WHERE THE HELL IS HYENA?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. NOTHING MATTERS.

IT MATTERS TO US, SON, BECAUSE WE'RE NOT THE TYPE TO LET CRIMINALS GET AWAY...
NO, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE NOT THAT TYPE. YOU'RE ARCHE-TYPES...
...AND I HID CRYSTAL SHARDS IN YOU... FRAGMENTS OF THE BROTHERS OF REALITY...
...THE ONLY LEFTOVERS FROM THE ORIGINAL UNI-VERSES THAT CREATED YOU! IT'S WHAT STRANGEFATE WAS LOOKING FOR!
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU... DOING ?!?
YOU WANT TO KNOW? OKAY...
"I'M GIVING SPECTRE AND THE LIVING TRIBUNAL ACCESS TO THE POWER WITHIN YOU... AND WE'RE USING IT TO RESTORE THE UNIVERSES.
"IN OTHER WORDS...

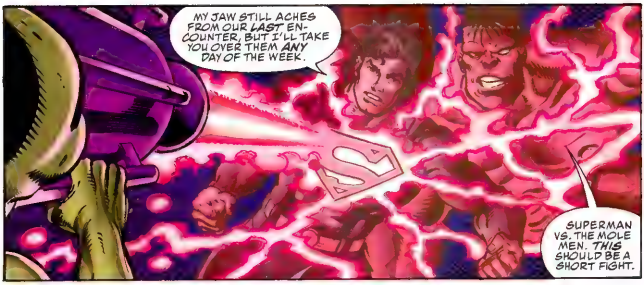
"LET THERE BE...

"...LIGHT!!"

AS QUICKLY, AS DEFINITIVELY AS IT HAD COME TOGETHER... THE UNIVERSE THAT WAS AN AMALGAM OF TWO OTHERS BLOWS APART.
ACCESS, A TWIG CAUGHT IN A HURRICANE, IS BUFFETED MERCILESSLY, AND HE IS CONVINCED THAT THE THOUGHT CURRENTLY PASSING THROUGH HIS HEAD IS GOING TO BE HIS LAST.
AND FRUSTRATION OVERWHELMS HIM...
...BECAUSE IT'S REALLY A LAME THOUGHT.
NOT EVEN WORTH REPEATING, REALLY.
AND THEN, WHEN TO HIS ASTONISHMENT HE DOES COME TO A HALT...
...HE REALIZES...
THE ALLEY... THE SAME FREAKING ALLEY... I'M SO SICK OF...
WHAT WE'RE SICK OF IS BEING PAWNS.
HOW DID WE WIND UP HERE?
AWRIGHT! IT WORKED! AT LEAST... PARTIALLY.
WE'RE BACK TO THE UNIVERSES CO-EXISTING. NOW IF WE CAN JUST SEPARATE...
FIRST THINGS FIRST. WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
I'M NOT SURE.

THE MOLE MAN AND HIS MINIONS ARE ENORMOUSLY CONFUSED. BLIND BY NATURE, BEFUDDLED BY CIRCUMSTANCES, THERE'S ONE THING THEY DO UNDERSTAND...
...AND THAT THING IS A CHALLENGE.
MOLE MAN. SO, YOU SURVIVED THIS INSANITY, DID YOU?
THAT'S MORE OF AN ACCOMPLISHMENT THAN YOU WILL ACHIEVE, HULK!
THIS CAVE IS PLEASING TO US... AND I THINK YOU WOULD BE WELL SERVED TO LEAVE!
NOW!
OH, IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK?
WELL...
...HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.
1970
KRUNCH!

BRING FORTH OUR GREATEST WEAPON!
OOOH, YOUR GREATEST WEAPON! A BIG GUN! AND HERE I THOUGHT YOUR GREATEST WEAPON WAS YOUR INCREDIBLE PRE-DICTABILITY!
OKAY! THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH OF THAT!
THIS PLACE HAPPENS TO BELONG TO AN ASSOCIATE OF MINE... SO I'LL THANK YOU PEOPLE TO VACATE IMMEDIATELY.
NOW THERE'S SOMEONE I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE HAPPY TO SEE!

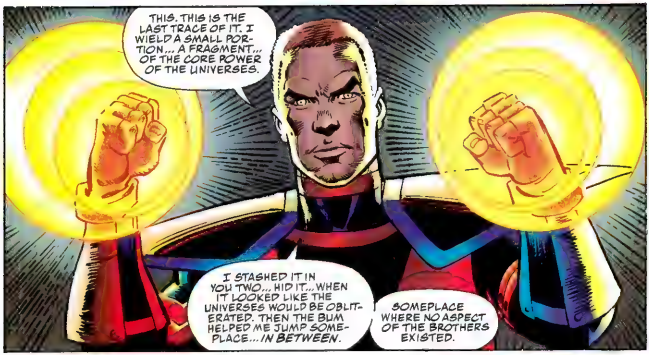

MY JAW STILL ACHES FROM OUR LAST ENCOUNTER, BUT I'LL TAKE YOU OVER THEM ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.
SUPERMAN VS. THE MOLE MEN: THIS SHOULD BE A SHORT FIGHT.

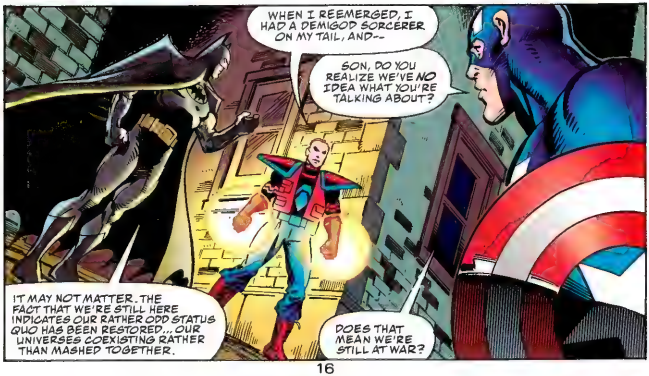
WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY AN UNFORTUNATE TURN OF EVENTS!

COME, MY PEOPLE!

AND GOOD RIDDANCE. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST... NOT THAT I COULDN'T HAVE HANDLED IT MYSELF.
UNDERSTOOD.
GOOD. SO... DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUE WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
NONE. BUT WHATEVER IT WAS... I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING IT'S NOT OVER.

THERE WAS A BOX THERE... AND A HUMAN BEING.
BUT THE POWER LEFT BOTH OF THEM... THE SAME WAY IT WAS DRAWN OUT OF YOU, ALTHOUGH WITH LESS FATAL RESULTS.
WHAT POWER?


THIS. THIS IS THE LAST TRACE OF IT. I WIELD A SMALL PORTION... A FRAGMENT... OF THE CORE POWER OF THE UNIVERSES.
I STASHED IT IN YOU TWO... HID IT... WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE THE UNIVERSES WOULD BE OBLITERATED. THEN THE BUM HELPED ME JUMP SOMEPLACE... IN BETWEEN.
SOMEPLACE WHERE NO ASPECT OF THE BROTHERS EXISTED.


WHEN I REEMERGED, I HAD A DEMIGOD SORCERER ON MY TAIL, AND--
SON, DO YOU REALIZE WE'VE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
IT MAY NOT MATTER. THE FACT THAT WE'RE STILL HERE INDICATES OUR RATHER ODD STATUS QUO HAS BEEN RESTORED... OUR UNIVERSES COEXISTING RATHER THAN MASHED TOGETHER.
DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE STILL AT WAR?

WHILE, A UNIVERSE AWAY, RIGHT NEXT DOOR, BEINGS OF COSMIC PROPORTIONS COMPARE NOTES...
THE UNIVERSES ARE MOMENTARILY SAFE...STILL DISTINCT... BUT OVERLAPPING!
THE UNLEASHED ENERGIES HAVE PLACED KEY PLAYERS IN DIFFERENT ENVIRONS THAN BEFORE.
BUT IT IS NOTHING SHORT OF MIRACULOUS THAT THEY EXIST AT ALL.
WE HAVE ONLY DELAYED THE INEVITABLE. THE BROTHERS MUST BE RECONCILED... THE BROTHERS MUST BE WILLING TO COEXIST... THE BROTHERS...
KRAKOOM!
THE BROTHERS... MUST BE ANGRY...

THROUGHOUT HIS EXISTENCE, THE SPECTRE HAS BEEN MASTER OF MANY THINGS. SPACE AND TIME, GODLIKE POWER...
BUT WITH HIS COMMENT AS TO THE BROTHERS' STATE OF MIND, HE HAS MASTERED SOMETHING NEW:
UNDERSTATEMENT.
POWER IS UNLEASHED THAT NONE HAVE EVER WITNESSED...
... AND THE SPECTRE AND THE LIVING TRIBUNAL ARE AWED.

DAILY PLANET
I'M GIVING YOU NOTICE, FISK!
LORD OVER THE CORPORATE MACHINATIONS OF THE DAILY PLANET ALL YOU WANT...
...BUT THE MOMENT YOU START INTERFERING WITH MY PEOPLE...
OUR PEOPLE, PERRY!
WHITE... I'VE GIVEN YOU NOTICE.
NOTICE AS IN... CLEAN OUT YOUR DESK.
I TAKE IT I'VE MADE MY POINT.
YOU SURE HAVE.
I CAN SEE IT CLEAR AS DAY, STICKING OUT THE TOP OF YOUR SKULL.
SPIDER-MAN!
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO PIT MYSELF AGAINST YOU...

AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WAIT JUST A BIT LONGER.
SO WHAT'TAYA THINK, PORKY? MAYBE I CAN CONVINCE YOU TO SELL THE DAILY PLANET?
LIKE... NOW?
FIGURES. I OWE HIM ONE AND, AGAIN, I'M UNAPPRECIATED.
NICE COSTUME.
VENICE...
ROBIN AND JUBILEE HAVE NO IDEA HOW THEY GOT THERE...
AND DON'T CARE.

WHERE IS HE?!
WHERE HAS DARKSEID HIDDEN HIMSELF?
BUT I CAN'T STAND BY AND LET YOUR TUSSLE BRING THE CITY DOWN AROUND INNOCENT PEOPLE'S SKULLS.
UNHHH!
AND WHY DOES HE WASTE MY TIME WITH FOOLS SUCH AS YOU?
CAN'T SAY I CARE WHAT YOU DO TO LOBO, THANOS.
IT'LL BE A COLD DAY IN HELL BEFORE I NEED YOUR HELP, YA PUNY BASTICH!
"DOWN BELOW"? DOLT! THIS SPHERE IS HELL ENOUGH FOR ANY!
THEN IT JUST GOT PRETTY CHILLY DOWN BELOW!

THANOS!
DID YOU TRULY THINK TO HIDE FROM THE LORD OF APOKOLIPS?
IF YOU ARE SO "ENAMORED" OF DEATH... PREPARE TO EMBRACE HER!
MEANTIME, IN CENTRAL PARK...
...THOSE WHO HAD RELUCTANTLY BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS...
...FIND SUDDEN AND BLESSED RELIEF IN JOINING FORCES...
...HOWEVER TEMPORARY THAT RELIEF MIGHT BE.
AND...
FOR ODIN! FOR ASGARD!
STAND DOWN AND SURRENDER!

THERE'S FIRE IN YOU. I LIKE THAT.
I'LL DESTROY IT, BUT I LIKE IT.
APPARENTLY YOU MUST HAVE THE FOLLY OF YOUR RESISTANCE EMPHASIZED TO YOU!
HAVE AT THEE, THEN!
TWENTY BLOCKS AWAY, WINDOWS SHATTER.
TEN MILES AWAY, ZOO ANIMALS ROAR.
HALF A WORLD AWAY, CHILDREN WAKE UP SCREAMING...
...THE LATTER A COMMON OCCURRENCE WHEN A BATTLE INVOLVES--
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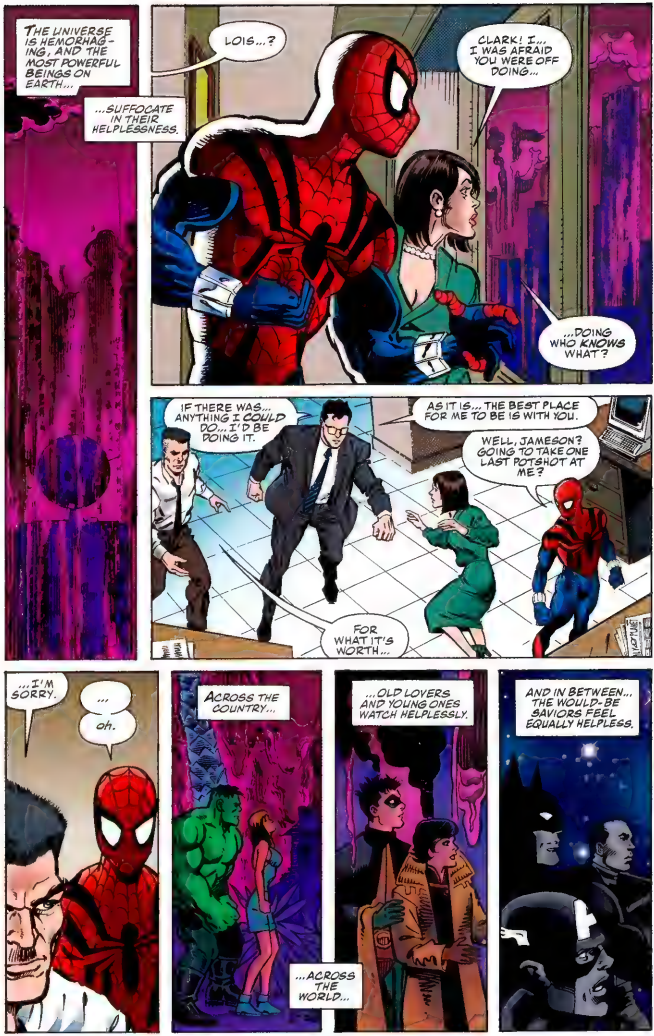
THESE OAFS ARE BUT TEMPORARY BARRIERS TO OUR FINAL BATTLE!
--DARKSEID! DO NOT THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN YOU!
MY HAMMER ... WHERE...?
HERE.
AND THEN... FINALLY... FINALLY...
...IT BEGINS.
THANK Y--
...
HOLD ON. HOW DID--?
OR, MORE PRECISELY...
...IT ENDS.
IS... IS WHAT I THINK IS HAPPENING... HAPPENING?
AYE. THE SKY IS...
...BLEEDING.

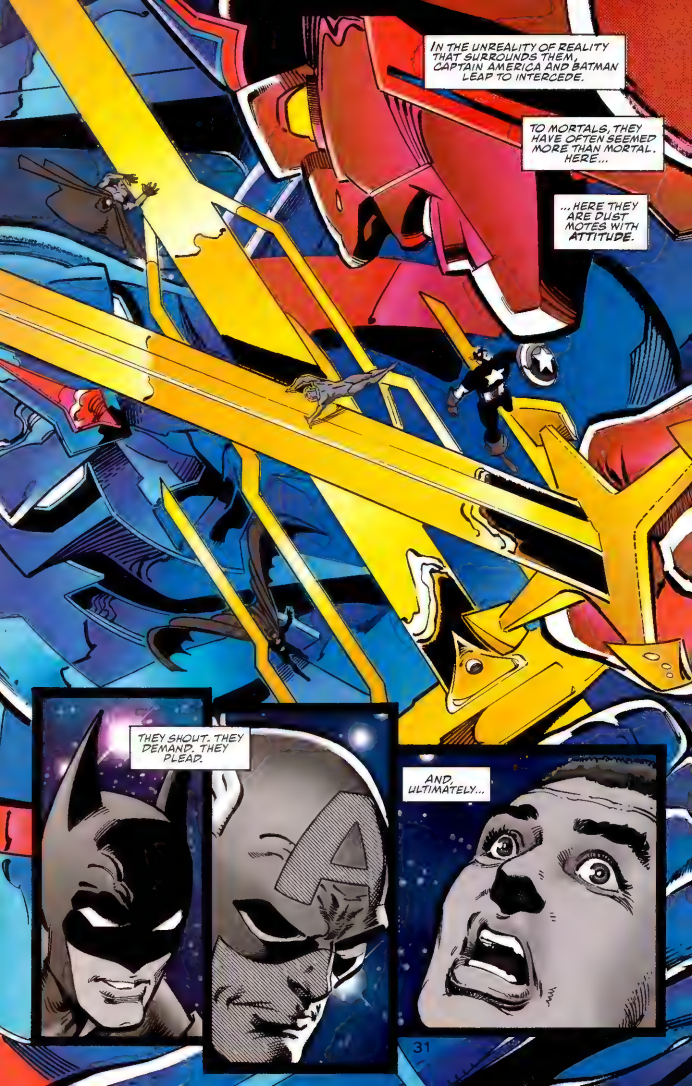
NO WAY! DON'T YOU GET IT? I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ANY KIND OF GOD OR GODS UNTIL THIS... AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO GO ARGUE WITH SOME?!
YOU MUST BE NUTS!
WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!
YOU JUST GET US THERE. WE'LL DO THE REST.
OH, AND AREN'T WE MR. CON-FIDENT?
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT... JUST POINT THOSE CREEPY BLANK EYE-BALLS SOMEWHERE ELSE, OKAY?
I'M GONNA REGRET THIS.

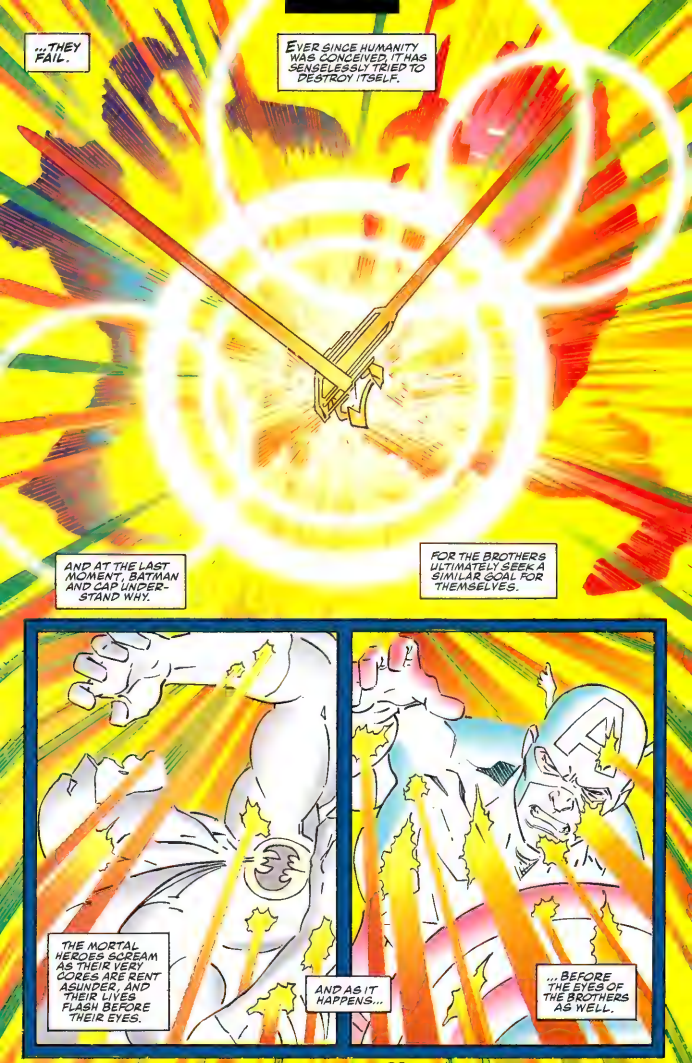
FOR A MOMENT, BATMAN AND CAPTAIN AMERICA FEEL NOTHING ... AND THEN...
...THEY CONTINUE TO FEEL IT.
AND BEFORE THEM, THEY SEE EXACTLY AS MUCH AS THEIR MINDS WILL ALLOW THEM TO GRASP. SOMETHING THAT REPRESENTS THE BAREST FRAGMENT OF THE REALITY, OR UNREALITY, THAT FACES THEM.
WE'RE IN BETWEEN. IT'S NOT A GEOGRAPHIC PLACE ... IT'S MORE A STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU KNOW "RACIAL MEMORY"? THOUGHTS AND FEARS SO INGRAINED THAT EVERYONE HAS THEM? FOR THAT MATTER, DID YOU EVER HAVE DEJA VU?
WELL... THIS IS WHERE ALL THAT COMES FROM.
SO IT'S REALLY HAPPENING... BUT IT'S ALL IN OUR MINDS.
FOR SOME REASON, I'M COMFORTABLE WITH THAT.


THE UNIVERSE IS HEMORRHAGING, AND THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS ON EARTH...
...SUFFOCATE IN THEIR HELPLESSNESS.
LOIS...?
CLARK! I... I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE OFF DOING...
...DOING WHO KNOWS WHAT?
IF THERE WAS... ANYTHING I COULD DO... I'D BE DOING IT.
AS IT IS... THE BEST PLACE FOR ME TO BE IS WITH YOU.
WELL, JAMESON? GOING TO TAKE ONE LAST POTSHOT AT ME?
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...
...I'M SORRY.
...
oh.
ACROSS THE COUNTRY...
...OLD LOVERS AND YOUNG ONES WATCH HELPLESSLY.
...ACROSS THE WORLD...
AND IN BETWEEN... THE WOULD-BE SAVIORS FEEL EQUALLY HELPLESS.

THOSE SPECKS ON THE SWORDS... ARE THEY...?
YUP. THE SPECTRE AND THE LIVING TRIBUNAL, TRYING TO HOLD THE BROTHERS BACK. FOR ALL THE DIFFERENCE THEY'RE MAKING.
WE... WE HAVE TO GO BACK. FORM AN ARMY...
THE SPECTRE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN A BILLION ARMIES, AND YOU SEE HOW HE'S FARING.
AND YOU'RE SAYING THIS IS ALL SOME KIND OF COSMIC "STATE OF MIND."
BASICALLY, YEAH.
ALL RIGHT. THEN WE HAVE TO CHANGE OUR MIND.

THEY ARE WITNESSING THE END OF EVERYTHING.
THEIR THOUGHTS, THEIR FEARS, HORRORS, REGRETS ... THEY ARE ALL PRIVATE.
ALL SAVE FOR ONE, WHO CHOOSES TO GIVE VOICE TO HIS. A VOICE THAT SPEAKS WITH THE HUSH OF A NEWLY DYING STAR, AS THANOS SAYS...
IT'S... IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN...


IN THE UNREALITY OF REALITY THAT SURROUNDS THEM, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BATMAN LEAP TO INTERCEDE.
TO MORTALS, THEY HAVE OFTEN SEEMED MORE THAN MORTAL. HERE...
...HERE THEY ARE DUST MOTES WITH ATTITUDE.
THEY SHOUT. THEY DEMAND. THEY PLEAD.
AND, ULTIMATELY...

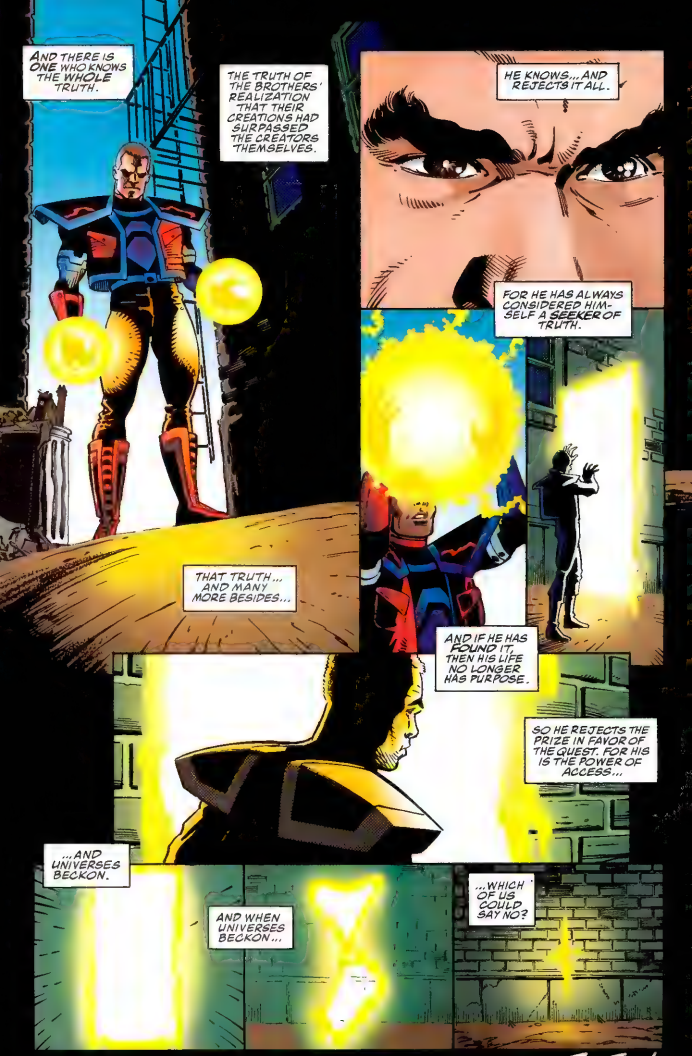

...THEY FAIL.
EVER SINCE HUMANITY WAS CONCEIVED, IT HAS SENSELESSLY TRIED TO DESTROY ITSELF.
AND AT THE LAST MOMENT, BATMAN AND CAP UNDERSTAND WHY.
FOR THE BROTHERS ULTIMATELY SEEK A SIMILAR GOAL FOR THEMSELVES.
THE MORTAL HEROES SCREAM AS THEIR VERY CORES ARE RENT ASUNDER, AND THEIR LIVES FLASH BEFORE THEIR EYES.
AND AS IT HAPPENS...
... BEFORE THE EYES OF THE BROTHERS AS WELL.

AND THEY SEE...
A CHILD WITNESSING HIS PARENTS GUNNED DOWN...SWEARING VENGEANCE...
UNSELFISHLY DEVOTING HIS LIFE TO PROTECTING THOSE WHO CANNOT PROTECT THEMSELVES...
FROM THE NOTHINGNESS OF A BLIGHTED SOUL, HE FASHIONED A DARK GUARDIAN AND JOINED OTHERS IN BATTLE...
HE BECAME ONE AMONG MANY...BUT REMAINED FOREVER UNIQUE.

AND THEY SEE...
A YOUNG MAN WITH WILLING SPIRIT AND WEAK FLESH, SUBJECTING HIMSELF TO EXPERIMENTS SO HE CAN FIGHT AGAINST A GREAT EVIL...
A MAN WHOSE BATTLE CARRIES HIM ACROSS DECADES TO A HARSH, CYNICAL WORLD THAT NEEDED HIM EVEN MORE, AND WAS EVEN LESS WILLING TO ADMIT IT...
HE FOUND NEW ENEMIES...AND NEW ALLIES...
HE BECAME ONE AMONG MANY... BUT REMAINED FOREVER UNIQUE.

AND THE BROTHERS LOOK AT EACH OTHER ... AS IF TRULY SEEING EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.
CENTURIES ... EONS PASS...
...AS THE BROTHERS COME TO THE SLOW REALIZATION THAT THEY WHO ENCOMPASS THE WHOLE OF REALITY...
...HAVE BECOME SMALLER THAN THE SMALLEST OF THEIR COMPONENTS.
AND A BILLION, BILLION YEARS HENCE, THE BROTHERS...
...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN RECORDED AND UNRECORDED HISTORY...
...SPEAK.
AND THEY SAY THE SAME THING.
YOU'VE DONE WELL.

A BILLION BILLION YEARS HAVE ROLLED BACK UPON THEMSELVES.
DAILY PLANET
THE STATUS QUO HAS BEEN RESTORED.
THE UNIVERSES ARE SEPARATE ONCE MORE.
THE SUPERBEINGS OF BOTH WORLDS DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
SOME DO NOT CARE, MOURNING THEIR LOSSES RATHER THAN CELEBRATING THEIR SALVATION.
SOME WHO HAVE HAD CONGRESS WITH GODS SEEK ANSWERS.
SOME WHO ARE GODS HAVE NONE TO GIVE.
SOME WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES RULERS MUSE HOW LIMITED THEIR "KINGDOMS" ARE.
AND TWO...
...TWO HAVE A FAINT GLIMMERING OF THE TRUTH... AND ARE HUMBLED BY IT.


AND THERE IS ONE WHO KNOWS THE WHOLE TRUTH.
THE TRUTH OF THE BROTHERS' REALIZATION THAT THEIR CREATIONS HAD SURPASSED THE CREATORS THEMSELVES.
HE KNOWS... AND REJECTS IT ALL.
FOR HE HAS ALWAYS CONSIDERED HIMSELF A SEEKER OF TRUTH.
THAT TRUTH... AND MANY MORE BESIDES...
AND IF HE HAS FOUND IT, THEN HIS LIFE NO LONGER HAS PURPOSE.
SO HE REJECTS THE PRIZE IN FAVOR OF THE QUEST. FOR HIS IS THE POWER OF ACCESS...
...AND UNIVERSES BECKON.
AND WHEN UNIVERSES BECKON...
...WHICH OF US COULD SAY NO?

The End

Real name: Ron Marz
Other current aliases: Just Ron Marz, okay?
Dual identity: Not applicable
Current occupation: Comic-book writer currently on GREEN LANTERN, SUPERBOY (upcoming), BATMAN VS. ALIENS (upcoming)
Former occupations: Writer on SILVER SURFER, "StormWatch"
Place of birth: Kingston, NY
Marital status: Married
Usual base of operations: Vast mountain retreat in Woodstock, NY
Current group membership: Wednesday Night Volley Ball League
Superhuman powers: Ability to write while being a parent
Source of powers: Overactive imagination
Special skills: Diaper changing
Weapons: Vicious spike, rapier wit
First appearance: November 17, 1965

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

THE WRITERS

Real name: Peter David
Other current aliases: Sherlock, Pad, Professor Prolific That Little @#!*?%!, Cuddles
Dual identity: Publicly known only to him
Current occupation: Writer of stuff, including AQUAMAN, SUPERGIRL, INCREDIBLE HULK, "Space Cases" (Saturdays on Nickelodeon)
Former occupations: Direct sales manager, Marvel Comics; busboy
Place of birth: Fort Meade, MD
Marital status: Married
Usual base of operations: The subconscious of humanity
Current group membership: Writer's Guild of America, Comic Book Professionals Association, FOE
Superhuman powers: Mutant ability to make people in 3-feet radius think they owe him money
Source of powers: Pureness of heart
Special skills: Types 110 words per minute
Weapons: Shotgun mouth
First appearance: September 23, 1956

Real name: Dan Jurgens
Other current aliases: Also answers to the name "Daddy"
Dual identity: Public
Current occupation: Comic-book writer/penciller for TEEN TITANS (upcoming), writer for SUPERMAN, "Riftworld" with Stan Lee (upcoming)
Former occupations: Penciller on SUPERMAN, writer/penciller for JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA, SENSATIONAL SPIDER-MAN
Place of birth: Ortonville, MN
Marital status: Married
Usual base of operations: Fortress of Solitude on frozen tundra in Twin Cities area.
Current group membership: Bruce Avenue All-Stars
Superhuman powers: Getting into trouble, driving editors nuts
Source of powers: Caffeine (in heavy doses), wonderful vibes from comics industry
Special skills: Graphic design, radio announcing skills
Weapons: #2 lead pencil
First appearance: June 27, 1959

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

THE PENCILLERS

Real name: Claudio Castellini
Other current aliases: Unknown
Dual identity: Not applicable
Current occupation: Penciller of SILVER SURFER: DANGEROUS ARTIFACTS (upcoming)
Former occupations: FANTASTIC FOUR UNLIMITED, COSMIC POWERS UNLIMITED. In Italy: co-creator of "Nathan Never," and former penciller of "Dylan Dog"
Place of birth: Rome, Italy
Marital status: Single
Usual base of operations: Rome, Italy
Current group membership: Unknown
Superhuman powers: Pencil magician
Source of powers: Draws inspiration from the work of John Buscema, Neal Adams, John Romita
Special skills: Painter, sculptor, vinyl kit nut
Weapons: Dynamic drawing style
First appearance: March 3, 1966

Real name: Joe Rubinstein
Other current aliases: "Joe Kubert is God"
Dual identity: Publicly known
Current occupation: Inker, finisher on SUPERMAN, slaveboy
Former occupations: Never had a job his whole life (but inked LOTSA comics!)
Place of birth: Breslau, Germany
Marital status: Waiting anxiously
Usual base of operations: Directly under George Pratt (really!)
Current group membership: Young Republicans of Hadassah
Superhuman powers: Stamina to ink four monthly books
Source of powers: Twelve shakra
Special skills: Portrait painting
Weapons: Yes, thank you for asking
First appearance: June 1958

BASTICH!

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

THE INKERS

Real name: Paul Neary
Other current aliases: Actually Paul Neary is my alias.
My real name is Octavius Mousepractice
Dual identity: Someone of infinite patience, style and wit who can ink really quickly
Current occupation: X-MEN/BROOD Limited Series
Former occupations: Supermarket shelf stacker, metallurgy graduate, penciller
Place of birth: Bournemouth, England
Marital status: Yes
Usual base of operations: Meanwhile, not far away . . .
Current group membership: The Charming Inkers of Britain Society
Superhuman powers: Ability to attract phonecalls at exactly the worst moment
Source of powers: Hard to say, exactly, but inasmuch as I'd categorize it as a sort of yin and yang thing . . . y'know, the toiling, insignificant innocents that we are, butting up against the primal grandeur of the natural universe . . . well, it seems to me that most of it's down to a bit of bad luck.
Special skills: Ability to turn grey lines into black ones
Weapons: Little skinny felt-tip pens
First appearance: Last month, last year, last half-century

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publisher

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vp-controller

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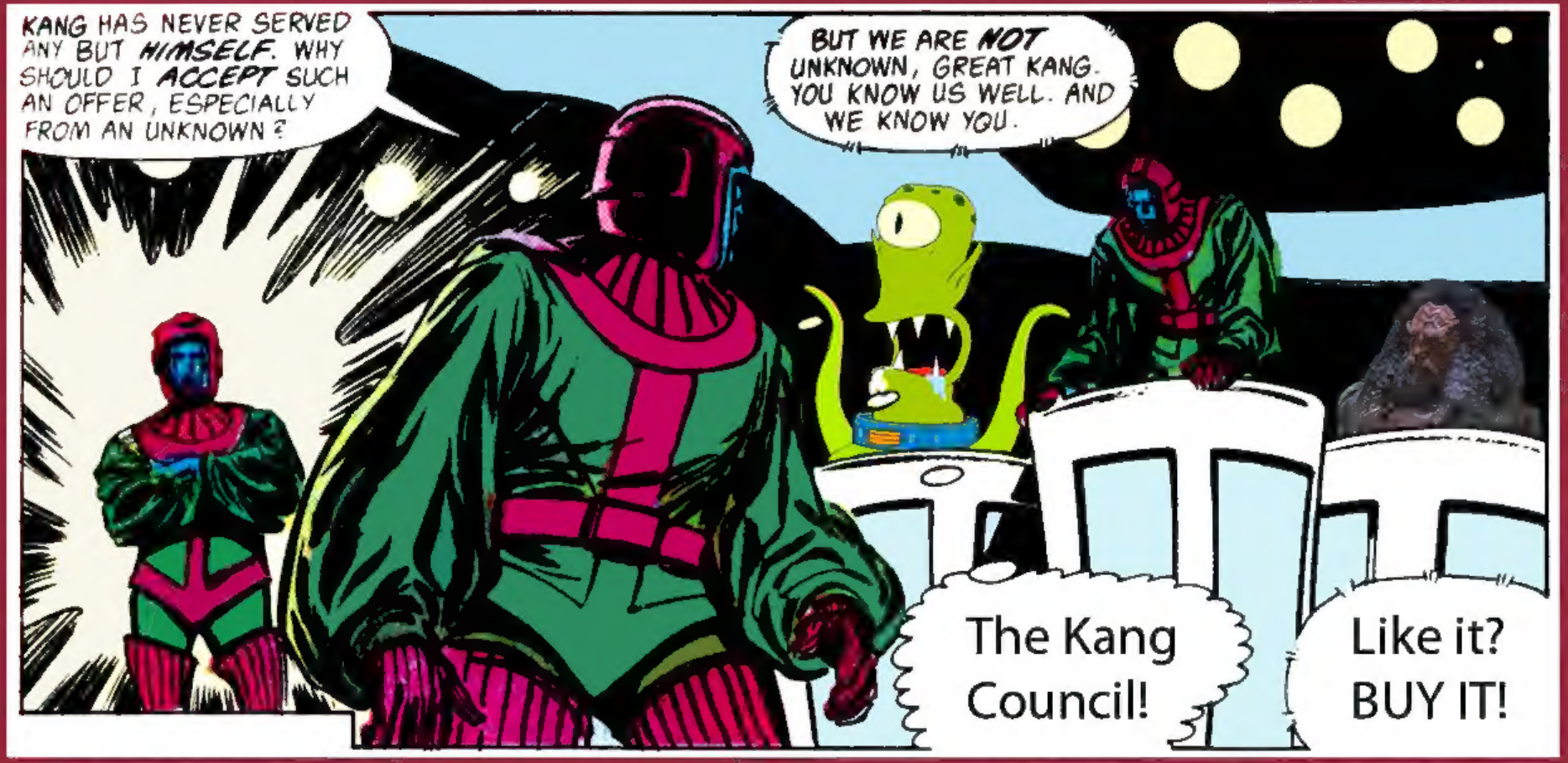
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